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"Poor Jane!" every body said, when it was announced that she had committed suicide; and many were the imprecations heaped upon the father's head, who had caused such a wreck of a noble heart and richly endowed mind. "What cared he for woman's whims?" He yet lives. The rank weeds grow at will around that log-house; for the tender hand which once thrust them away, and planted flowers instead, is gone with her dear flowers to an early grave. May he live long enough to see the deformity his cruelty wrought in that beautiful child, and to ask forgiveness for the wrong; for it will be a fearful thing for him to go before God with that great sin unrepented of and unatoned for, as far as human prayers are of avail.

Who says there was not power of a fearful and touching character in the "deformity" of Jane C.?

Whether in Art, in mind, in the circumstances of life or in death, the *true* critic will not take in detail each imperfection, but rather the whole, and judge it by principles wherein divine charity is largely blended with the dicta of human reason.



TASTE FOR THE PASTORAL.



LATE English writer says: "The accidental character of that faculty, or rather habit, of our minds, which commonly goes by the name of taste, is in nothing more distinctly marked than in the late growth and local development of that which is now considered the indispensable mark of a refined and cultivated intellect—an interest in the external aspect of Nature, a sympathy with all her various moods, and a love of *all* her scenes of beauty and of grandeur." This will apply with much force to our own country, where—

"Nature in her noblest moods
Holds court amid her solitudes,
That shames all courts in splendor."

Craving for the country is fast becoming a passion; and if centralization in cities is a fact, it is also true that the aggregated tens of thousands seek every opportunity for "breathing the country air," if not for "holding converse with Nature." Witness not only the constantly increasing

number of those who seek summer residences in the interior and at the watering places, but also the constant tide going to Europe for "the tour" which makes the traveler familiar with some of the grandest scenery in the world; while those who are pent up within the city are crying out for parks and open grounds where they may enjoy something of the country almost at their doors—a cry which cannot be resisted much longer, for it is growing imperative. New York answers it by purchasing hundreds of acres in its corporate limits, which are to be thrown into a magnificent park. Other cities, not already amply provided, must follow suit, since the people declare for them as a sanitary, moral, and social right.

The facilities for getting into the country are now become so admirable that few families are so poor as not to be able to get out of the city for an occasional day. Railways, ferries, stages, are all available; and daily the throng which is pressing out for the green fields is on the increase in New York, and, we doubt not, in all other large and pent up places. The laboring man, confined all the week by his necessity to provide for himself and others, appropriates the Sabbath for a holiday; and, upon that day, cars and ferries are literally crowded with recreation-seekers. It is in vain the preachers cry out, "Desecration of the Sabbath!" The day laborer, the clerk, the professional man, if he cannot get away during the working days of the week, will take the only day offered, and make his way to some favorite rendezvous; whether for good or for evil it is sometimes hard to decide—too often, we fear, for evil.

Congregated masses of pleasure-seekers breed all the vices of the Fair; hence the "trip to the country" may prove nothing more than a race for spending money and debauching morals. It becomes those having in charge the best interests of the community, to stare this new "feature" of the people in the face, and to seek, by wholesome regulations and proper influences, to render the Sabbath a day of *healthful* recreation and rest to the overtasked and anxious-worn thousands, rather than allow it to be made a bacchanal time. We most sincerely approve of churches and preaching, and all efforts to spread the Gospel; but we cannot, at the same time, close our eyes to the *fact* that the people, in all cities of the Union, are yearly becoming more addicted to pleasure-

seeking on the Sabbath; hence we think efforts well directed which have for their object the correction of the evils of the weekly Hegira, and the advancement of nobler motives among those migrating to the country than mere sensuous delight and gratification. Good is best accomplished where evil exists; and if the crowding to "country resorts" on the Sabbath cannot be prevented, let the effort be to afford purer places and a more healthful atmosphere, where men, women, and children can all congregate for quiet, harmless rest. Dropping in our churches on Sabbath, and beholding half-filled seats, it has seemed to us the preacher would find his efforts better directed by following up the crowds pouring over almost every avenue to the country; and once in their midst, to seek, by talking and example, to render the day profitable and blessed to all. If churches *cannot draw* the crowd, then churches must *go to* the crowd, if it is the purpose of the churchmen to christianize society. This seems to us the *practical* view of this question of Sunday exodus, which is fast becoming a momentous fact in the moral and social fabric of every city in this country.

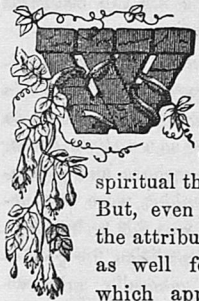
When people go to the fields and woods and sea-side for physical pleasure alone, or when they congregate in crowds at such places, the "great harmonies of Nature" are no longer potent for good. Those who go into the country for contemplation, for the sweetness of its quiet and purity, for the study of its beauties, are the recipients of its blessings—and those alone. "God made the country, and man made the town." When it is to be nearer God that we pine for the green domain of field and wood, there to study Him through His works, then are we greatly befitted—then does it appear for what the fields and woods were made. The large majority of the educated, who seek the retreats of peace for health and relaxation from care, are Nature's true worshipers; and it is this class who become her interpreters. Year by year their numbers increase, until now it is the exception to find the man or woman, of any refinement and education, whose actual *love* for the pastoral is not a passion. This is a promise of good things to health, to social communion, to Art. Our people have but to encourage the taste—as the English writer prefers to call it—to counteract the madness of the times in the way of extravagance and high living. When we love the country so much

as to introduce its simplicity and grace into our hearts and homes, we shall find the surest antidote to the evils consequent on slavery to fashion and style.

Art has its most appreciative patrons among the country-lovers. The lavish wealth of the Avenues and Wall Street adorns walls and halls with expensive pictures from abroad; but few of those purchasers buy from love of Art—it is simply catering to their vanity that they invest thousands in paintings. The heart which loves Nature as a child does its benefactor, is the one to love and patronize Art; and as we become more and more tired of the fever of city life, we shall turn to the country, will cover our walls with the reproductions of favorite haunts and lovely scenes, will encourage simplicity of living and purity of taste—thus initiating the Art era which will render America as refined as she is physically great. To hasten that era shall be the effort of the COSMOPOLITAN.



THE ARMLESS PAINTER.



WE speak of the "Power of Deformity" in this number of the Journal, more, however, as a moral or spiritual than as a physical force. But, even in this latter aspect, the attribute demands attention, as well for the discrepancies which appear to exist in the laws and forces of nature as in the organization and constitution of individuals whose very deformity is oftentimes prolific of lessons of consideration and study. The case of Cæsar Ducornet, the artist who painted with his feet, is an instance in point, which we state, not only for the interest attaching to the subject, but also to show how the apparent afflictions of life may be rendered blessings by persevering in hope and endeavor.

On the 6th of January, in the year 1806, in one of the humblest houses of the Rue St. Jacques, at Lille, an infant was born so sadly deformed that they tried to hide him from his mother. While the father wept, the neighbors looked upon the little stranger with something like fear, and said to themselves, "it would be a happy thing

if he should die." But the infant did not die, and as the mother demanded him with an importunity not to be resisted, he was placed in her arms and received the first maternal kiss from her whose languid eyes failed to show her the sad reality.

Some days afterwards the bootmaker Ducornet and his young wife stood with gloomy faces beside the cradle of a child born without arms, and whose lower extremities were little else than trunks terminated by feet, having only four toes to each. "No matter," the mother exclaimed; "I love him!" and raising the infant from the cradle, she pressed him tightly against her breast. "And I too," her husband said; "at least the unhappy child shall not go through the world without a father and mother."

Such was the entrance into life of Cæsar Ducornet, historical painter, laureate of the academical schools, recipient of the gold medal of the exhibitions at the Louvre, and corresponding member of the Imperial Society of Agriculture, Science, and Art, of Lille.

The early childhood of Ducornet was not unhappy, for infants do not know themselves. Besides, he had such an agreeable face, such a quick and precocious intelligence of expression, and so much odd dexterity about his movements, that every one regarded him with sympathy, and good-hearted people thought him even handsome. Meanwhile the child grew up, and it became necessary to choose an occupation for him. It had been remarked that when joining in the games of his companions, his misfortune did not exclude him from the sports of his age. He learnt to use his feet for nearly every purpose for which other persons use their hands, and with an equal facility and freedom. He used them to throw the ball to his companions, to hold a pen, to cut figures with a pair of scissors, and in other ways equally marvelous. One day the boy surprised his parents by tracing on a piece of paper a number of ornamental letters admirably executed. An old man, a teacher of writing, who happened to be present, offered to give the boy some lessons gratuitously. Such was the ability he displayed, that in less than a year he was at the head of the writing-master's class. Strange as such ability undoubtedly was, there was something still more strange to follow. The new pupil showed his skill not only in writing but in drawings and original designs, which were ex-

ecuted with equal ability. The benevolent writing-master showed these productions to M. Watteau, professor of drawing at the academical schools of Lille, who, in his turn, was seized with admiration at the wonderful aptitude shown by this strange artist, and caused him to be admitted into the academy.

At the academy, Cæsar Ducornet carried off all the prizes, one after another; and at length received the great medal for modeling from life. This victory proved a most fortunate occurrence for Ducornet, as it procured him a protector in the person of M. Demailly, a gentleman of wealth. Soon after Ducornet had found a protector, the Duke of Angoulême, who was visiting the museum at Lille, saw the young artist engaged in copying a painting by Vandyke. Astonished at the sight of such a strange being executing a most difficult work of art, the prince conceived a considerable degree of interest in him, presented him with a pension of 1,200 francs, and persuaded him to continue his studies in Paris. Previous to this the people of Lille had subscribed a sum equal to a pension of 300 francs for Ducornet.

Our artist now started in high spirits for the capital, and to complete his happiness, the benevolent M. Demailly followed him there. He entered the Académie Royale, and was soon afterwards admitted into the studio of a distinguished artist. In 1826, six months after his entrance to the Academy, he obtained the third medal, and in the following year the second. In the year 1828, he appeared among the crowd of competitors for the grand prize at Rome. He here received no prize, because the professors pronounced it physically impossible for him to paint a picture of the required size, (4½ by 3½ feet) and struck his name off the list. This circumstance, so far from discouraging the young artist, gave him new courage, and his first picture was painted exactly of that size, which the professors had declared him unable to compass. This picture is the *Farewell of Hector and Andromache*, now in the Museum of Lille.

In 1829, the Professors of the Académie Royale withdrew their objection to his name, and Ducornet executed the proposed subject—*Jacob refusing to deliver the young Benjamin to his brothers*. The painting was admitted to have merited the second prize, but, strange to say, the ungenerous spirits who were then at the head of the Academy refused to crown a